

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweete Saint Albones should giue me my sight againe.

Hum. What are lame too?

P. man. I indeede sir, God helpe me.

Hum. How camst thou lame?

P. man. With falling off a plum tree.

Hum. Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?

P. man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummess.

Hum. But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?

P. man. I truly sir.

Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

Hum. What art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife sir.

Hum. Hadst thou beene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better tolde.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

P. man. Yes truly master, as cleare as day.

Hum. Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?

P. man. Red master, as red as blood.

Hum. And his cloake?

P. man. Why that's greene.

Hum. And what colour's his hose?

P. man. Yellow master, yellow as gold.

Hum. And what colour's my Gowne?

P. man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Iet.

King. Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.

Suf. And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer see.

Hum. But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me sirra, what's my name?

P. man. Alas master I know not.

Hum. What's his name?

P. man. I know not.

Hum. Nor his?

P. man. No truly sir.

Hum. Nor his name?

of Yorke and Lanc.

P. man. No indeede master.

Hum. Whats thine owne name?

P. man. Sander, and it please you m.

Hum. Then Sander sit there, the ly
dom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde
knowne all our names, as thus to nam
do weare. Sight may distinguish of co
minate them all, it is impossible. My
hath done a miracle, & would you not
great, that could restore this Cripple.

P. man. Oh master I would you co

Hum. My Masters of S. Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne
And things call'd whippes?

Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Maioir. Sirra, go fetch the Beadle h

Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hithe
Now sirra, if you meane to saue your
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne

Enter a Beadle

P. man. Alas master I am not able t
You go about to torture me in vaine

Hum. VVell sir, we must haue you
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape o

Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sir
quickly.

Poore man. Alas master what shall I

*After the Beadle hath hit him one ierke,
runnes away, and they run after him,
racle.*

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him b
through euery Market Towne till he
he was borne.

Maioir. It shall be done my Lord.

Suf. My Lord Protector hath done

P. man

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